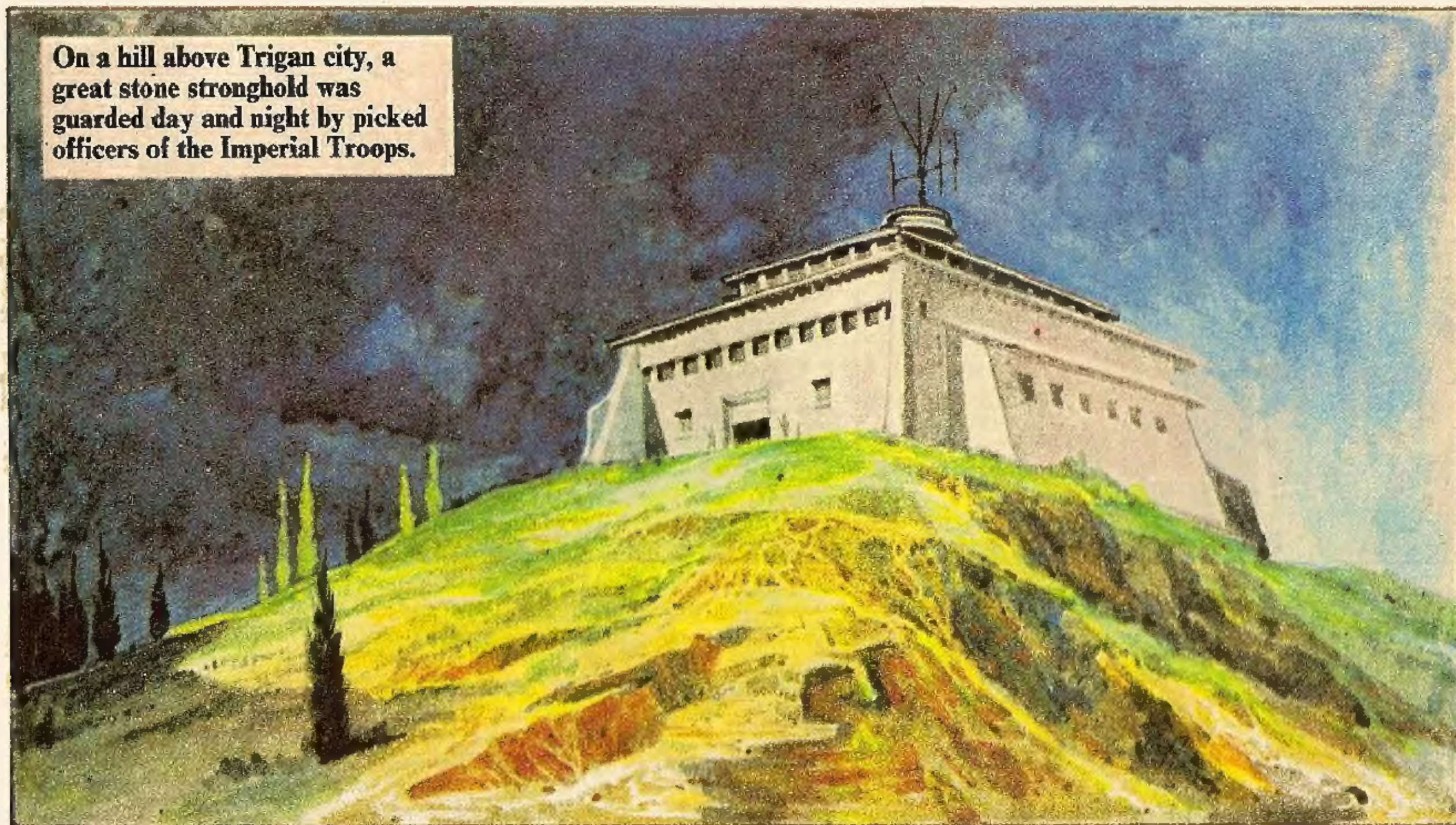


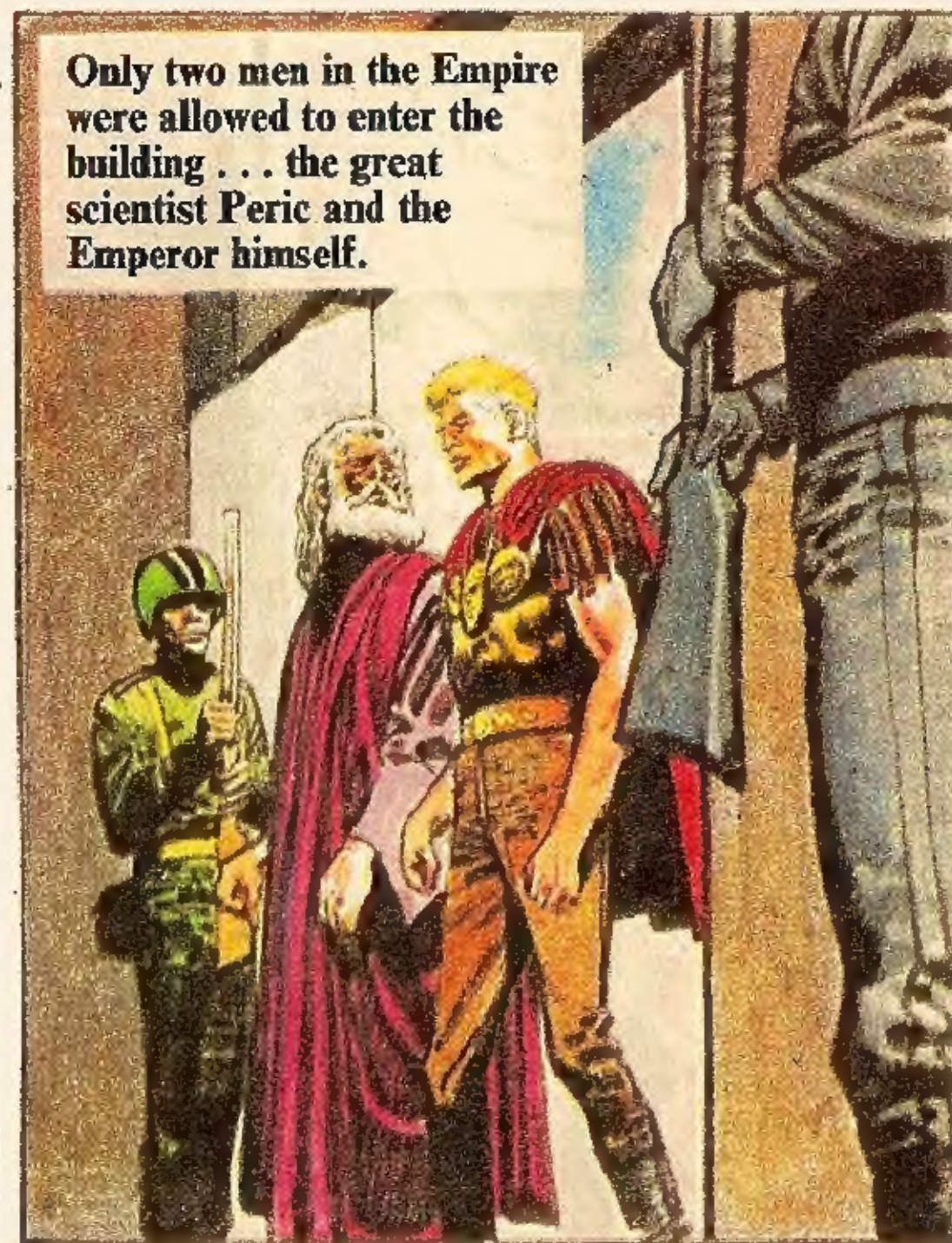
THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Planet Elekton lies in the Galaxy of Yarna, and the greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor of Trigo.

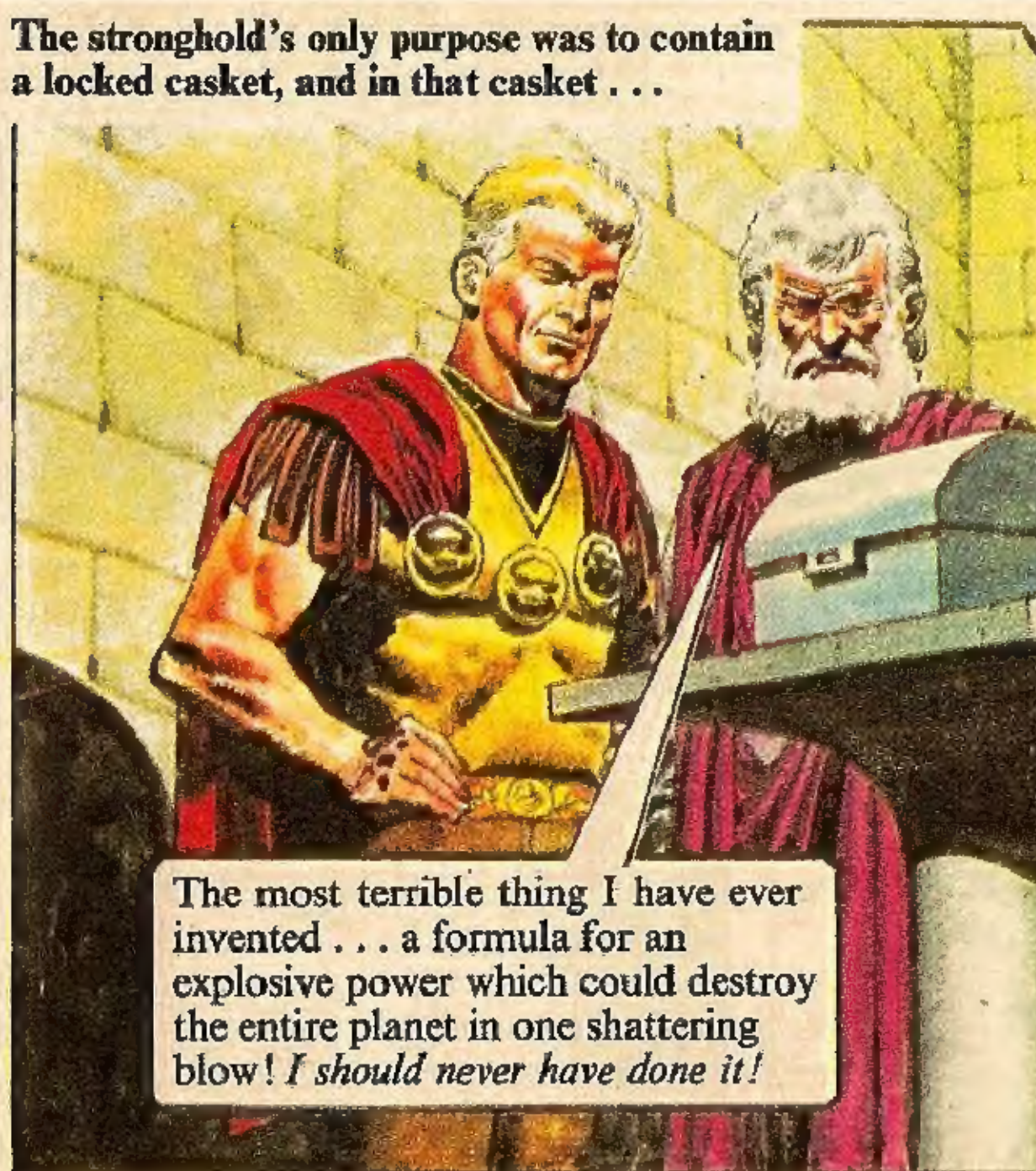
On a hill above Trigan city, a great stone stronghold was guarded day and night by picked officers of the Imperial Troops.



Only two men in the Empire were allowed to enter the building . . . the great scientist Peric and the Emperor himself.



The stronghold's only purpose was to contain a locked casket, and in that casket . . .



The most terrible thing I have ever invented . . . a formula for an explosive power which could destroy the entire planet in one shattering blow! *I should never have done it!*

Trigo reassured his old friend.



Let your conscience rest easy, Peric! While ever we possess the formula, we can impose peace on Elekton . . . and nobody can ever take it from us!

One day, Trigo was strolling in the palace grounds with his faithful brother, Brag.

It will soon be the festival day of Vorg.

And, as usual, we must journey to the Isle of Silence.



The Festival of Vorg marked the anniversary of the day when the primitive hunters of the plain of Vorg founded Trigan city and began the Empire. On that day—as always—the two brothers journeyed to Lake Takka . . .



The old man will be expecting us.

The old man to whom Trigo referred was the oldest living Trigan, a Soothsayer and Hermit named Orro, who lived alone on the strange island. They came, on this day, to give honour to the Empire's oldest son.

How old is he?



I can remember our grandfather saying that *his* father brought him to see Orro when he was a boy. . . . And Orro was old *then*!

They were met by the ancient inhabitant of the Isle of Silence.

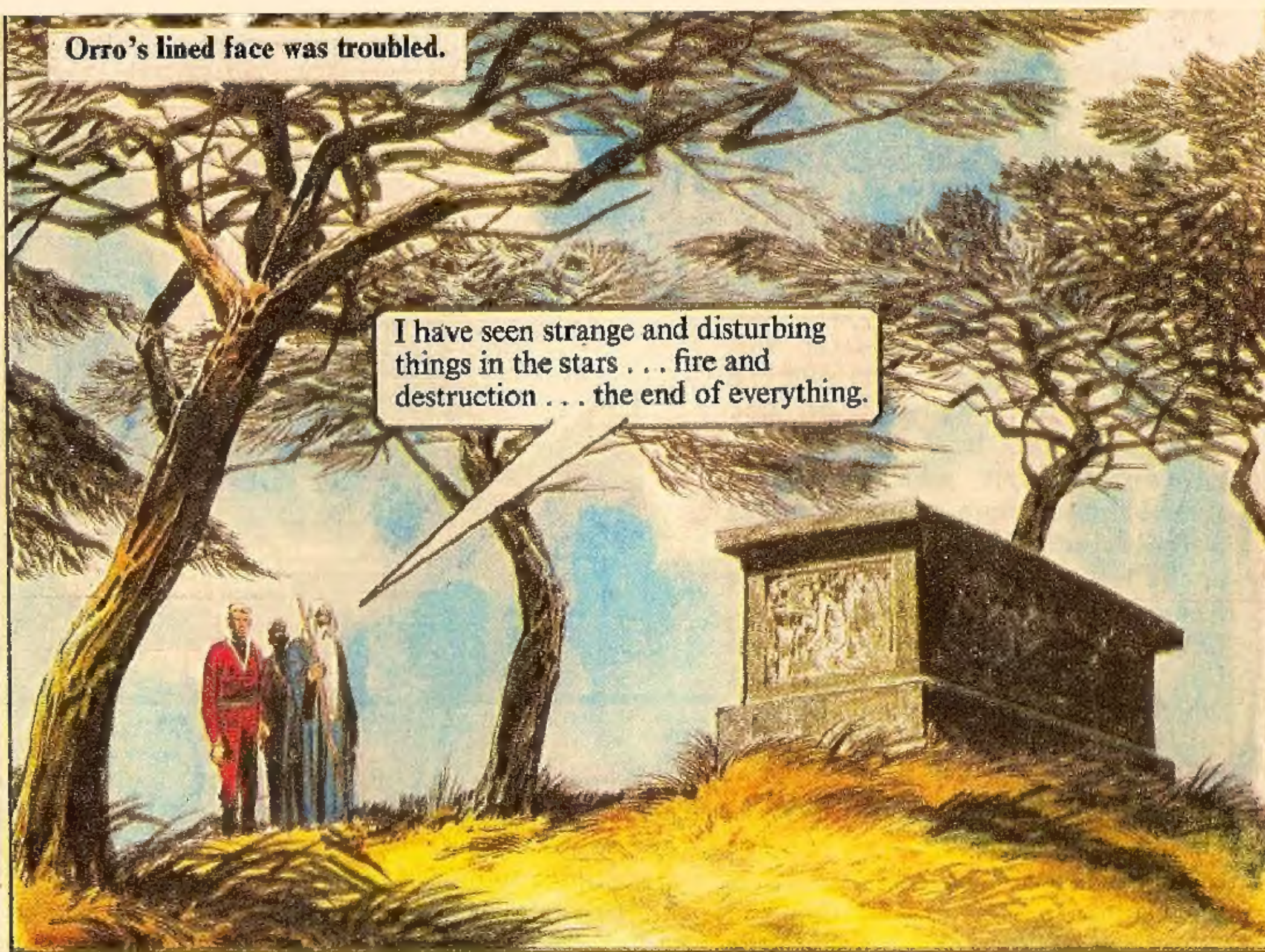
Greetings, Imperial Majesty. Greetings, my lord. You do me a great honour.

I trust we find you in good health, wise one.



Orro's lined face was troubled.

I have seen strange and disturbing things in the stars . . . fire and destruction . . . the end of everything.



The two brothers possessed, in full measure, the supernatural fears of their race. They watched in awe as the man burnt flowers and herbs.

Unless what, wise one? How can we prevent the secret from being stolen?

I see the secret of destruction stolen from its stronghold in the City and put into the hands of evil men . . . unless . . .

Peric's formula!

Only by bringing it here . . . to the Isle of Silence!



The old man pointed to a hole in the rocky ground.

The secret must be placed in that deep shaft and sealed with the great stone! Only then will all be well!

It shall be done! We will return at once to the City and bring it here!



The two brothers departed . . . and Orro watched them go.

What have I done? Oh, what have I done?



He was not alone on the Island. A group of men came out from among the trees.

You did well, old fool! If you had failed us, the three of you would have perished instantly!



locked casket contains the secret formula for an explosive which could destroy the entire planet.

When the Emperor Trigo and his brother Brag visit the old Soothsayer Orro on his lonely Isle of Silence, Orro tells them they must bring the formula there for safe keeping.

But Orro is not alone on his Island. . . .

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The old Soothsayer stared in anguish at the six men.

What have you made me do? Why do you wish to lay your hands on the dread secret?

The men were Lokans . . . members of a fighting race who had been defeated by the Trigan Empire.

No longer did Orro need to be told what that handful of desperate men intended doing with the secret that could destroy the planet!

If you bring destruction to the peoples of Elekton, your names will be accursed for evermore! The very stars will turn in their courses and descend upon you! You are evil . . . evil!

Once we were the terror of Elekton . . . till the accursed Trigo cast out our King and made us his vassals! But now our day will come again!

No! No!

It was dawn when Trigo and his brother arrived back in Trigan City, where young Janno was waiting to greet them. The first thing he noticed was the grim expression on Brag's face . . .

Father . . . what's the matter?

Matter? What should be the matter?

Destroy the old fool! He is of no further use to us!

Already the task before them was causing grave doubts in Brag's mind. He snapped angrily at his son.

We have to return to the Isle of Silence . . . and just you keep that information to yourself, my lad!

Come on, Brag!

Janno was waiting when his father and uncle returned.

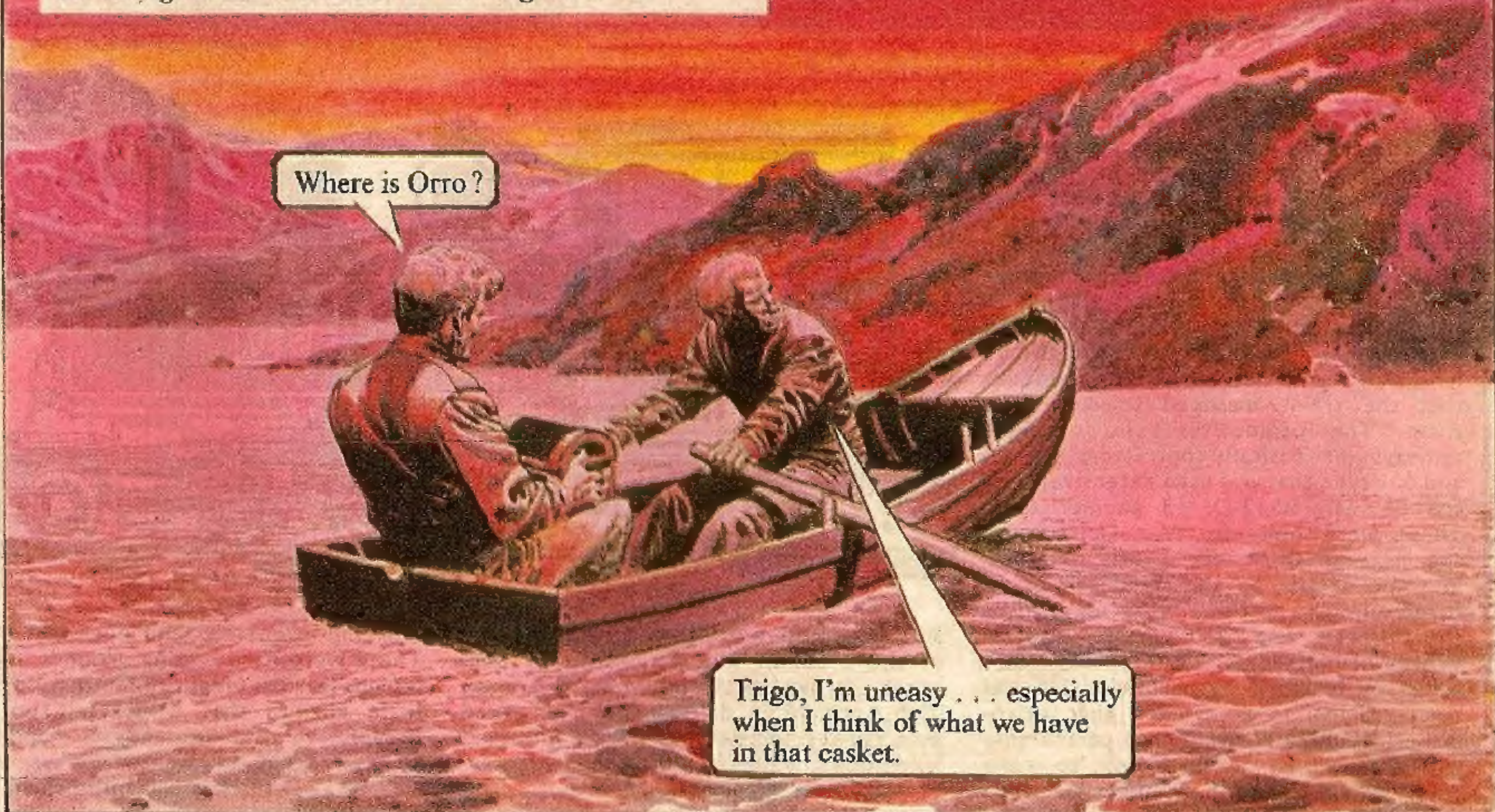
What are they carrying in that casket?

He saw the craft sweep out of the city gates and away across the Plain of Vorg.



I don't like this at all!

The day was dying again when the two brothers approached the strange island. There was no one to greet them.



Where is Orro?

Trigo, I'm uneasy . . . especially when I think of what we have in that casket.

It was indeed an Isle of Silence. . .



Orro-o-o-o-o!

Oh, no! By the stars . . . look!

They had found the old soothsayer. . .



Dead!

But . . . who could have done it?

A harsh, mocking voice. . .



Lokans!

We've been tricked!

Greetings, *Imperial Majesty*! A thousand thanks for bringing the precious casket!

The Emperor's stout heart sank within him. He knew Lokans of old!



Their leader spoke in the fanatical tone of a man entirely beyond reason.

The secret is no use to you! You couldn't use it without destroying yourselves!

The threat alone will be sufficient! Unless the peoples of Elekton bow to Lokan rule, we will threaten to destroy the planet!

What have we to lose? A Lokan warrior does not fear death! If our threat fails, we will blow up the planet!

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Emperor Trigo and his brother Brag have been tricked into taking to the lonely Isle of Silence the secret formula for an explosive power which could destroy the entire planet Elekton in one shattering blow.

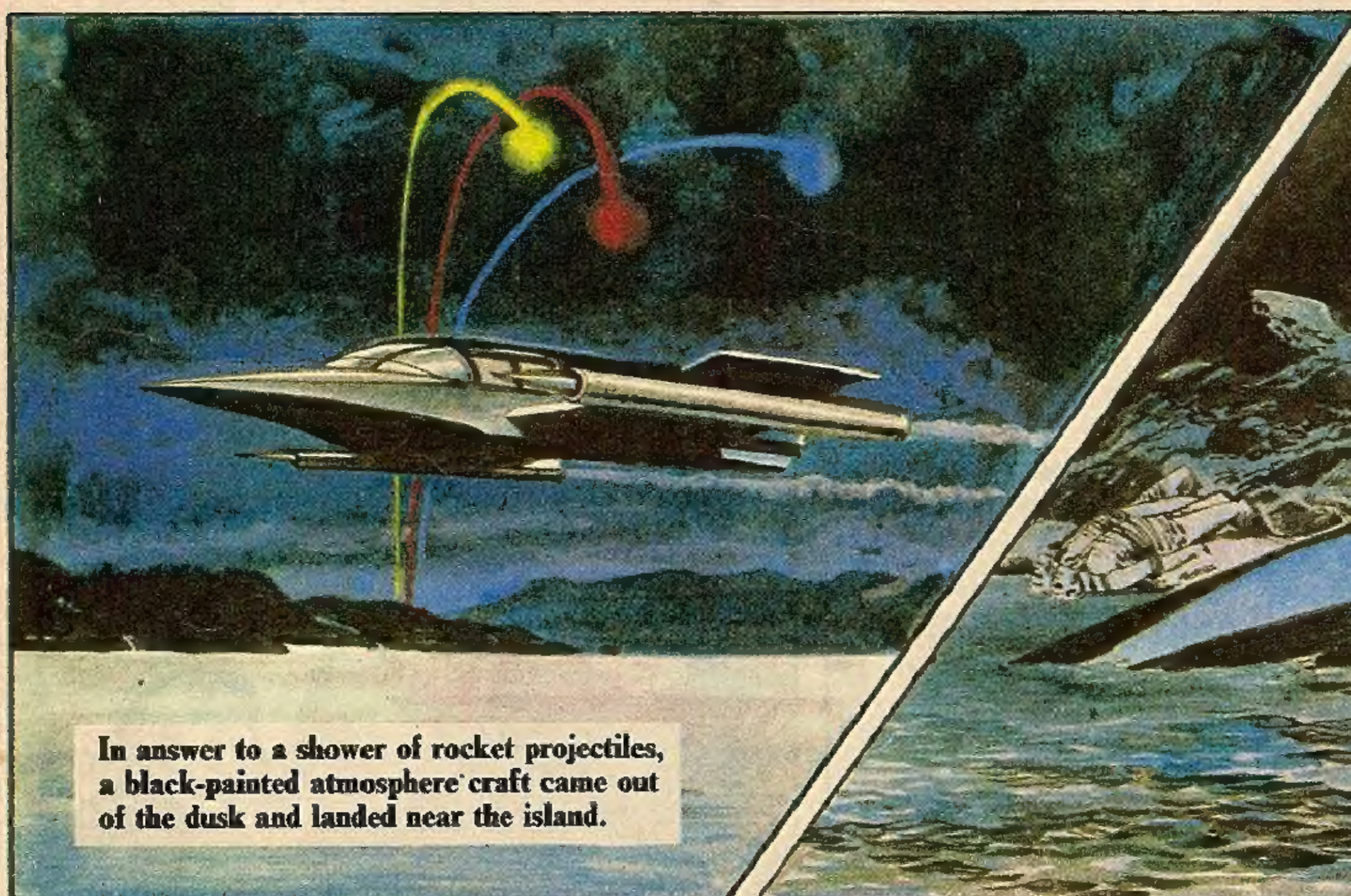
Now the formula is in the hands of the merciless Lokans.

Roughly the brothers were seized and dragged down to the water's edge.

Bind them with their heads near water level!

They were tied across the cold rocks, with their heads hanging low.

The lake is fed by a subterranean sea. Within a short space of time, the tide will rise, and you will be destroyed!



In answer to a shower of rocket projectiles, a black-painted atmosphere craft came out of the dusk and landed near the island.

The Lokans boarded the craft . . . carrying the fateful casket with them.

Back to the jungle of Daveli!



Helplessly the doomed Trigans watched the craft take off and fade away into the sunset sky. A despairing groan came from Trigo's lips.

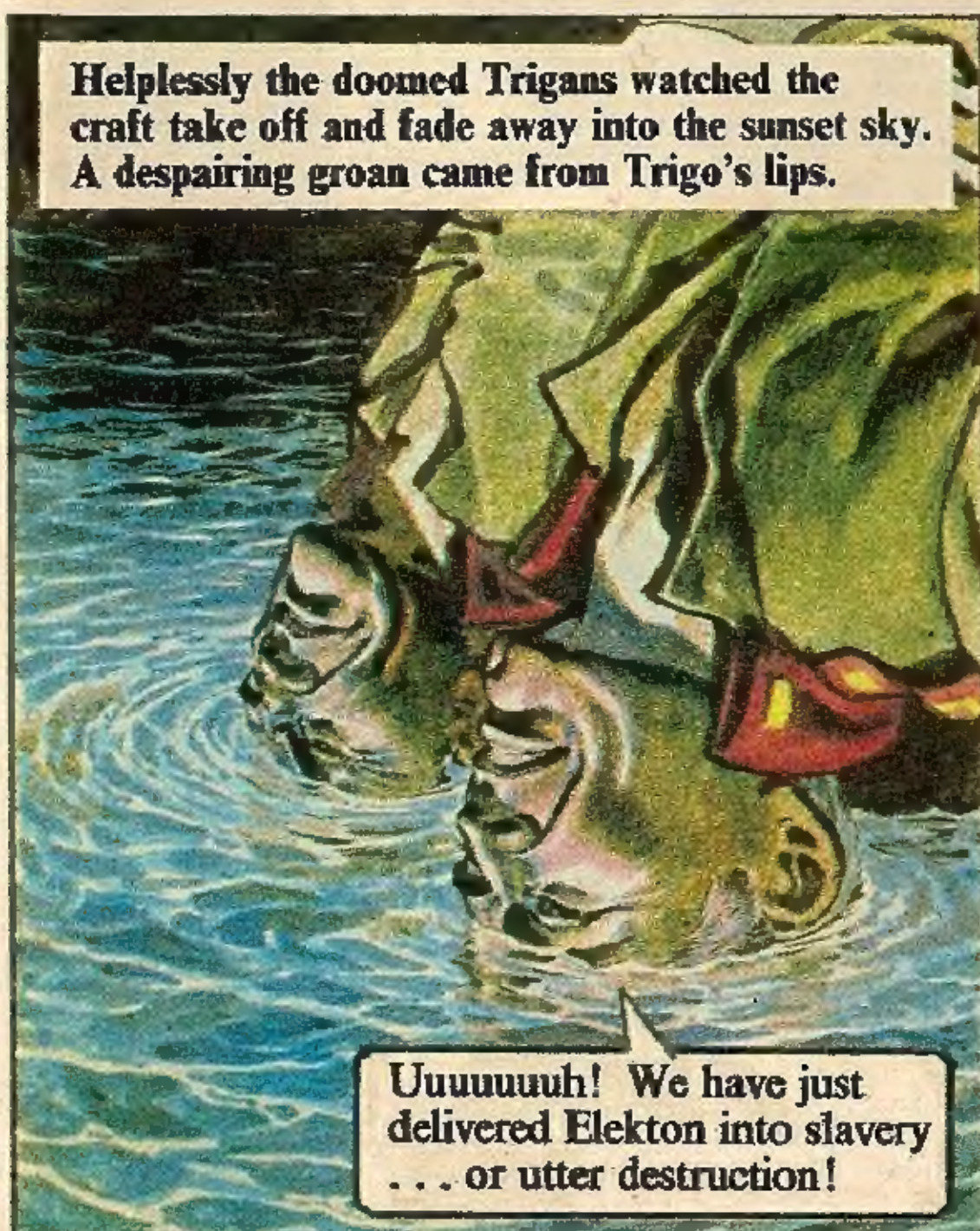
The suns dipped low in the sky, and the twin moons of Elekton lit the night as brightly as day. Slowly but steadily, the waters rose. And then . . .

An atmosphere craft of the Trigan air fleet swept down nearby.

We're saved!

Brag! I can hear the sound of engines!

Uuuuuuh! We have just delivered Elekton into slavery . . . or utter destruction!



It was young Janno who sliced through the bonds binding his father and uncle.

But . . . why did you follow us here?

I knew something was wrong from your attitude, father . . . so I risked your displeasure and came after you . . . thank the stars!

There was no more time for explanations. At a brusque order from Trigo, they piled into Janno's craft and took off.

Which way, uncle?

Head for the jungle of Daveli!

Further explanations came later, as they swept through the night sky across the face of the planet.

There must be a small army of those accursed rebel Lokans hidden in that jungle!

Yes . . . and now, with the aid of the secret formula, they can dominate the entire planet . . . or destroy it!

When dawn broke over the dense jungle of Daveli, a host of Lokans swarmed out of their huts to greet the craft that descended into the clearing.

They've returned!

A hush fell on the gathering as the men alighted from the craft . . . and the fateful casket was held up for all to see.

Warriors of Loka . . . once more we shall be the masters of Elekton!

The Lokans were well provided with stolen Trigan equipment, including detection gear. It was the latter which caused the downfall of Trigo and his companions!

Strange craft approaching!

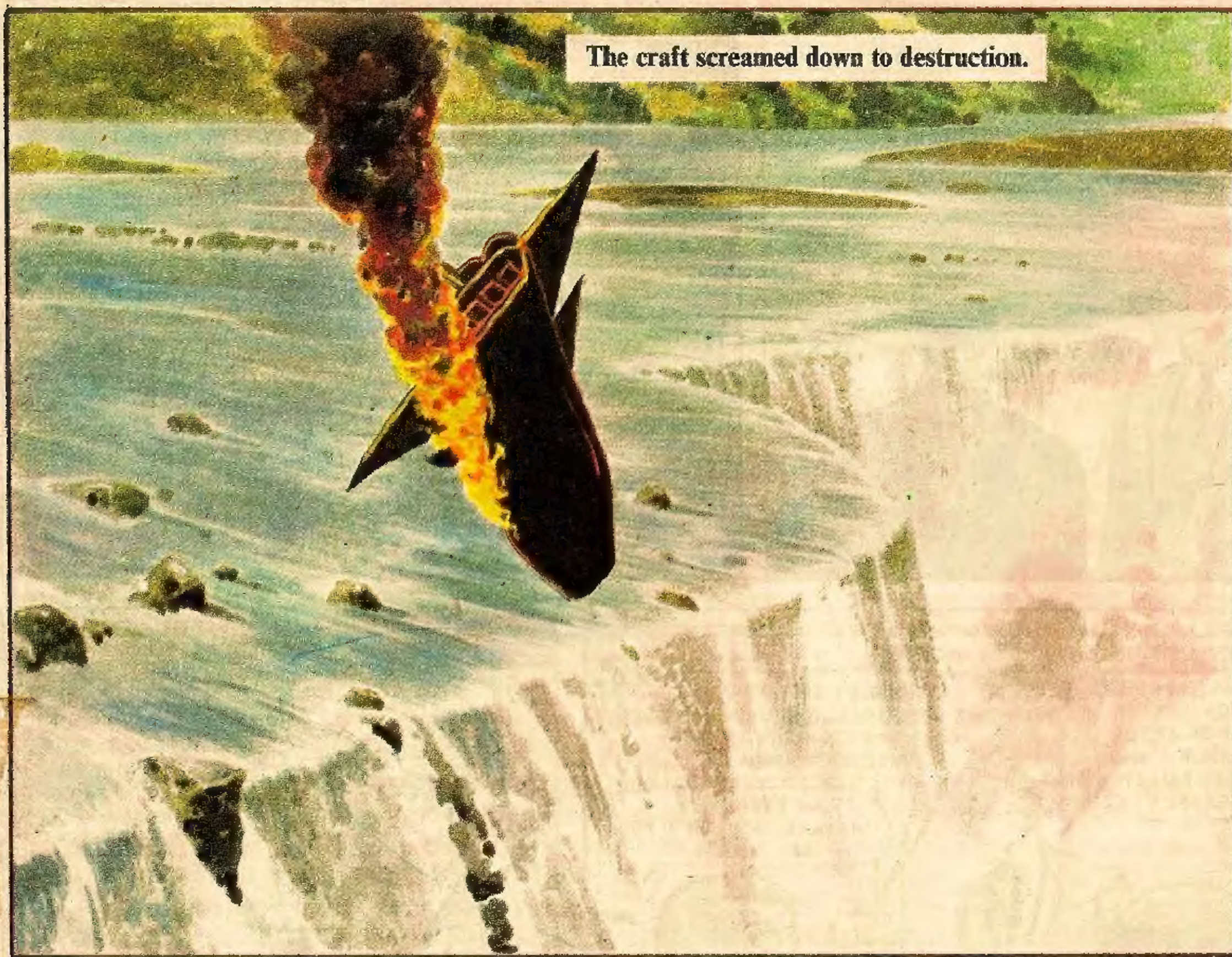
Open fire and destroy it!

High over the green roof of the vast jungle, the Trigan craft lurched drunkenly as projectiles exploded all about it.

We're hit!

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

While pursuing a party of Lokan rebels, who have got their hands on a secret formula which could destroy the entire planet Elektor in one shattering blow, the craft bearing Trigo Brag and Janno is shot down over the jungle of Daveli. . . .



The craft screamed down to destruction.



The Lokans watched it smack into the water. Orders were shouted.

I saw three men in the craft!

Launch the boats! . . . bring out any survivors!



They managed to recover the limp forms of Brag and Janno . . . alive but unconscious.

By the stars! It's Brag! We left him for dead on the Isle of Silence!



Near at hand, the Emperor Trigo clung, under cover of a rock.

The other must be Trigo himself!

Then he has met his end . . . over the fall!

When the Lokans had returned to the bank with their prisoners, Trigo made the perilous journey from rock to rock . . . till he reached dry land.



Some time later, in the Lokan's camp, their leader smashed open the fateful casket and took out the secret formula of destruction.

Behold!



And then . . . it happened! . . . like a thunderbolt, something swung down from the tree-tops.

The formula was plucked from the Lokan leader's hand!

At the end of his breathtaking swing, Trigo scattered an enemy gun crew from their lofty perch.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

... A pause, to spray a hail of projectiles among the Lokans below ...

... Then he leapt to the ground, and raced for a waiting atmosphere craft.

And now ... to get this formula to safety!

But his daring action was doomed to failure! Half way to the craft, he was hit in the leg ... and he fell headlong!

UUUUUUUGH!

A clutching hand snatched up the fallen formula ... and ...

Destroy him!

A double-handed Lokan war sword was raised on high over the defenceless head of the Trigan Emperor!

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

A party of Lokan rebels have got hold of a secret formula which could destroy the entire planet Elekton in one shattering blow . . . and the Emperor Trigo is about to be struck down.



Trigo's instrument panel dissolved into a mass of scrap metal, and he was instantly enveloped in flames.

Through the flames, he saw his enemy ahead of him. Only one thought dinned in Trigo's brain . . . and he deliberately steered the doomed craft towards his adversary!

For the sake of the planet Elekton!

He's got me!

They met with shattering force above the tumbling waters of the broad river!

Trigo was thrown clear, and the shock of the icy waters instantly revived him. Suddenly he saw the limp form of his enemy floating past . . . and he reached out to grab him.

By this time the Daveli warriors had overpowered the Lokans and freed Brag and Janno. They all gathered round as Trigo brought his burden ashore.

But what about the formula?

Gone! Lost for ever in the rapids! No man will ever set eyes on it again!

Later, back in Trigan City, wise old Peric gave the Emperor his assurances.

It is of no consequence, Trigo. It will take a long time . . . years perhaps . . . but I can re-work the formula.

Trigo was silent for a while before replying.

No, old friend! We have learned our lesson. The planet came very close to destruction. From now on, the Trigan Empire will keep the peace of Elekton *without* the formula!